

dance with me (sway with me)

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Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)
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by Anonymous

Summary

Dream sighs before resting his thumb on George's chin, the rest of the fingers resting softly under it. Dream adds pressure to his hold and gently tugs on George's face, signaling that he wants him to tilt his head up. George complies. Dream always gets what he wants.

George gives an indignant huff before finally letting his gaze land on Dream's face, which was much closer than he thought it would be. He's forced to take in and memorize every single detail of the exposed, dotted skin. They stare at each other wordlessly. George feels vulnerable, and he isn't even the one who

just did a face reveal.

A knock on the door interrupts the moment, George stumbling away first. He pants like he just ran a marathon.

What the fuck.

or, in other words, a self indulgent dnf modern assassins au.

Notes

first of all: ty to @b1rds0ng for being my beta and editor, you amazing bastard ily <3

im going to turn this into a series, but after this it'll just be a collection of short stories/one shots connected to this universe so stay tuned

title is from [sway by michael buble](#)

chapter one

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George fiddles with the cufflinks digging into his wrists, staring intently at himself through the mirror in discomfort. The whole ensemble he had for the job felt inherently *too much*, the dark blue ironed vest and white tailored button up hugging his slim frame perfectly. The black tie he sported made it feel like George couldn't breathe.

Ew.

He turns and twists, doing anything to keep from ripping it all off and declaring that he would be dropping the mission. Fiddling with his tie, he rolls and unrolls his sleeves, agonizing over each strand of hair that seemed out of place. God damn, remind him to *never* accept a job of this caliber again.

George runs over the details of the email that had been sent to him and his partner. It was simple, the only part George had a problem with is that it was that it's *undercover*.

George doesn't *do* undercover.

It was always a quick shot to the heart, a cyanide pill in the drink, or occasionally a quick slice to the neck when things got too close. Even then, his partner had mostly taken the brunt of it, risking himself and his identity for the reward that came at the end time and time again. His partner lives for the thrill of a chase, and he rather the target put up a fight before the eventual end than one that leaves no trace, the body only left to be found hours after the deed was done.

The only reason he actually took this job was the wicked smile that curled over his partners face when he had contacted him about it. Despite the fact that he's never actually seen Dream's entire face before, he knows from descriptions on bounty posters about them that Dream has green eyes and freckles dotting the bridge of his nose.

George has known Dream for about five years now, and not once has he seen his face. He doesn't know if he actually *wants* to see it. He's perfectly content with imagining that Dream's eyes sparkle with murderous intent when he finally catches up to their prey. He's content with ogling at his lips when they brief their employer about how it went, and how he negotiates the reward depending on how many technical issues they ran into. He's happy with imaging those canines digging into his throat, sure to make a bruise appear a few hours into the future.

Dream carries himself like he owns the world when he isn't playing someone else's part. Never failing to slip himself into each and every role he's required to play, and somehow always makes a different backstory for why he wears his stupid ceramic smiley mask every damn time. 'My eyes are two different colours,' or 'I was in a fire recently and I wear this to cover my scars,' and George's *favourite*, 'I have a rare skin condition that makes me pick out my eyelashes.' You'd really think Dream would've been able to think of something better than that.

George lets out a breathy laugh, remembering the time a mission had gone tits-up, the target almost escaping before George had sent a bullet through their heart from a rooftop. Thinking of Dream was enough to get his mind off his ridiculous outfit, and the surely exhausting assignment that's ahead of them.

The sound of metal scraping against metal filters through his mind, and he turns his head, ready to laugh at Dream's, hopefully, more absurd outfit. He had gone suit shopping with him, so of course he knows that Dream's three piece suit would look comical.

Except it doesn't, and that just fucks George over.

He starts staring at his thighs, and *wow*, holy *shit* Dream's *thighs*, the fabric clings to the muscle like a glove. He imagines setting himself between them, sucking hickies into skin no one else has seen before. He thinks about leaving pink and purple marks, always teasing and never really touching. He can practically see Dream's flustered face, head thrown back in bliss and thighs clamping tightly around his head. He can feel the insistent bucking of hips, urging him to just get on with it. He-

"George..?" The familiar voice snaps him out of his reverie, and his eyes flit upwards, suddenly taking in the fact that Dream *didn't have his mask on*. The usually loose hair that framed Dream's face was pulled up into a manbun, and nervous green eyes meet his gaze. He's shocked. But being raised as an assassin George can't be more wary.

What if this isn't Dream? What if someone had gotten the drop on him, and is trying to take advantage of the knowledge that George doesn't know what he actually looks like? What if they had seen the lingering glances, the exaggerated touches? He couldn't just *assume* this unfamiliar man really was Dream. He slips out a knife from his sleeve, crossing the room in a flash. The tip of the knife is suddenly pressing against the presumed imposter's neck.

George narrows his eyes at the man in front of him. How did someone get every detail that wasn't hidden under the mask down pat? How did the canines look the exact same as they always had? George doesn't know. All he knows is that *this might not be Dream*, and if that's true then, their

assignment is compromised.

He pushes so the knife presses further into the skin, but careful enough to not mark it. He's not sure if it is or isn't Dream yet. That's why he needs to be cautious.

"Who are you and what do you want from us?" The question comes out more like a statement. He's trying to look intimidating, but by the look of amusement the other man is showing, it's definitely not working. George holds his ground though, glaring up into the playful green eyes.

It takes a second before said man snorts, suddenly doubling over and letting out that *godforsaken* wheeze that was Dream's signature laugh. George had always thought it sounded like a tea kettle. Or maybe a collapsed lung on a bad day.

At least George now knew that it was most definitely Dream. He let his arm relax and drop to his side, slipping the knife back into his sleeve. "Goddamnit- Dream, don't scare me like that," He scolds, smacking the back of his head.

"B-But-" Dream cuts himself off with another terrible wheeze, clutching his knees. "H-Holy shit- George- Oh my god I forgot you didn't- you didn't know what I look like!" He cackles at George's steaming face. "And- and when you tried to look intimi-"

Again, he's sent into a fit of laughter. George can't help but to crack a small smile begrudgingly at Dream's antics, regardless if it's at his expense.

Dream eventually manages to calm down, standing up straight and looking at George. He can feel eyes raking over him, and he feels like shrinking away from the small smirk tugging at Dream's lips.

"Gosh, it feels illegal knowing what you look like." He teases nervously. The memory of Dream's face is burned into the back of his eyes, and he can't escape the way those freckles make him look so much more attractive than he was before. He looks away pointedly before the staring goes on for a little too long. George doesn't realize that Dream stepped closer, so close that they're standing only a few inches apart.

Dream reaches a hand up while George attempts to cool off, and touches his fingertips to George's jawline. George visibly jumps before relaxing, knowing that no one else was in the room, and that the hand belonged to Dream. He feels it curl around his jaw and caress George in an almost loving

touch as it moves down. George still looks away.

Dream sighs before resting his thumb on George's chin, the rest of the fingers resting softly under it. Dream adds pressure to his hold and gently tugs on George's face, signalling that he wants him to tilt his head up. George complies. Dream *always* gets what he wants.

George gives an indignant huff before finally letting his gaze land on Dream's face, which was much closer than he thought it would be. He's forced to take in and memorize every single detail of the exposed, dotted skin. They stare at each other wordlessly. George feels vulnerable, and he isn't even the one who just did a face reveal.

A knock on the door interrupts the moment, George stumbling away first. He pants like he just ran a marathon.

What the fuck.

Dream clears his throat awkwardly, turning towards the door about to call out.

"Wait- Dream," George interrupts. "Does Sapnap know? Or Karl?" Dream smiles at the obvious concern in George's voice. Sapnap knocks again, annoyed.

"Get the fuck out here, you bitch, we still need to gear you up and debrief you about the mission! Y'know, the one we're *all fucking doing together!*? And if you dont get your shit together *right fuckin' now* we'll be *late!*!" Sapnap's muffled, aggravated voice echoes through the door. Dream looks back at George with a remorseful gaze.

"I'll fucking," Dream starts, but stops himself and sighs. "George- it'll be alright, okay? They already know what I look like." He assures. George feels just a tiny bit more relieved.

Sapnap sends another series of knocks, along with a '*Goddamnit, Dream!*' He turns back to the door again. "Jesus, Sapnap, alright! I'm almost done, calm your shit,"

Dream looks at himself in the mirror, and starts moving things around to his preference. He adjusts the suit, making sure everything looks okay. To others, it would look like he's just trying to look good. George knew better though, from the way Dream tries combing back his hair, tugging at the front of the button up. George knows Dream is just as nervous as he is.

George puts a hand on Dream's shoulder, trying to get the tension to seep away from the stiff shoulders. George started rubbing soothing circles into the muscle. "Let's get this done quickly, I'm sure you're well aware by now that I don't like doing these types of gigs, and you definitely don't either." George whispers lowly. Dream makes a tiny noise of disagreement, flicking his eyes to George.

George snickers. "You can't lie, Dream. We've been partners for God knows how long already, your tells are obvious now." He leans in close, teasingly. He knows what to do to ease Dream's anxiety, and that's to try and ruffle his feathers until he snaps. "I know you too well."

Dream sighs. "Oh, come on now..." He mumbles, rolling his eyes and straightening. "C'mon, *partner*, let's go." George grins sharply and leans back, satisfied.

Dream walks towards the door and pulls it open, making a show of bowing and gesturing before George goes through. "Ladies first," Dream grins, and George scoffs. He glares at Dream, who just looks up innocently like this is a normal occurrence. He rolls his eyes, but complies. He hears the mahogany door shut, and soon Dream is hovering just a few steps behind George. The footstep pattern soon matches his own, and he feels the hand on his ass before it fully computes in his mind. When he does, Dream is already a few feet ahead of him, obviously smirking.

"*Dream!*" George shouts, scandalized, running up to the blonde. Dream grins wide, and somehow lowers his voice an octave. "Hurry up, *princess*. We don't want to be late."

George shudders. He grumbles, muttering about injustice and an 'invasion of my fucking privacy Dream, my god you're so weird-' to Dream's amusement until they reach the main room. Unsurprisingly, Sapnap and Karl are already there, lounging in their respective black and orange and purple suits. Sapnap looks up and raises an eyebrow at Dream, who smirks at him.

"No mask today, loverboy?" Sapnap teases.

"Oh, you wish, Sapnap," Dream shoots back, sending an overexaggerated wink and a blown kiss. Karl laughs, shaking his head in amusement.

"Let's keep it PG for the children here." Karl scolds jokingly. George looks around cluelessly. "Children?"

The three snort before looking back at George.

George cracks a tentative smile. “Wh- What?”

Sapnap stands up, walking over to George and placing a hand on his shoulder. “You’re the child, Gogy.” He uses the nickname they had all made up for shits and giggles, laughing as he pats George’s shoulder and walks past. Karl groans before hauling ass and unfolding his long legs from his criss-cross-apple-sauce position on the floor, standing up wobbly like a baby deer. Bambi or some shit.

Sapnap looks back at the three. “Well, don’t just stand there. Let’s go get debriefed.”

Dream barks out a laugh at that. “That sounds so *wrong* , Sapnap.”

“You wish it were what you were thinking, huh? Too bad it isn’t. Our employer is really hot too...” He sighs when the three catch up to him. They start following Sapnap, wherever he’s going. He was probably told where they would be talking to the employer, and was leading them there now. “Do you think I’d be able to get his number? Have a little rendezvous after we get the job done?”

Dream rolls his eyes. “He’s the guy with the beanie, right? Brown hair, side part?” Sapnap snaps his fingers and points a finger gun at Dream. “Bingo.”

Dream considers it for a moment before commenting, “Wayyyy out of your league.” Karl and George hum their agreements. Sapnap mocks offense, clutching his shirt over where his heart is.

“You wound me, Dreamie-poo,” He huffs.

“Good.” Dream responds.

“Ooh,” Karl taunts, smiling. He smacks his chest, puffing it out. “Don’t worry, Sapnap, I got you.”

Sapnap laughs. “At least I can count on you, babe.” He falls back to jokingly press a kiss to Karl’s cheek, who sputters and tries to push him away, failing miserably.

“Look at the lovebirds. Absolutely disgusting,” George stage-whispers to Dream, who nods solemnly in agreement.

“Couldn't be us.” Dream moves closer to George, and slips a hand around his waist pulling their sides together. George squeaks like a mouse.

Sapnap laughs. “Gog, what- what was that noise?”

Karl giggles while George flips him the bird. “Okay- Sapnap, where to? Where do we meet... what's our employer's name again? Wilby? William..? Wil- Oh, Wilbur. Wilbur is his name.” He pulls out his phone to look at the email George had forwarded to him, while Sapnap peers over his shoulder.

“Yeah, it's Wilbur I think.” George agrees, his mind flashing back to the email that had the sender displayed at the top.

Dream eyes Sapnap skeptically. “You, um- you do know where we're going, right?”

Sapnap freezes and turns to look at him like a deer in headlights. “You guys were following me?”

The rest let out a collective groan of frustration.

Chapter End Notes

i never noticed that i forgot to add a note at the end of this chapter

anyways here are my socials, come and chat :]

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

[instagram](#)

chapter two

Chapter Summary

Dream doesn't know what he's thinking, when he reaches a thumb up to swipe across George's bottom lip. It brings an involuntary shudder to his shoulders, to have George so pliant, so willing under his hands.

He walks closer to the fire, ripping his gaze away from George's to admire the plush, damp lips that were under the pad of his finger.

Dream's eyes flick back up, and George stares at him like he sees the stars. Like if he looks away, even for a moment, a shooting star will fly by and disappear into the map of freckles dotted across his cheekbones.

He doesn't look away.

Chapter Notes

HOLY SHIT!!! you guys!!! ME AND ALASTAIR WEREN'T EXPECTING THAT MUCH SUPPORT ON THE FIRST CHAPTER, HOLY SHIT!!! and 100 kudos in under a week??} {">{:"? you guys are so fucking amazing, oh my god tysm!! sbi + tubbo + quackity + schlatt DO make a special appearance in this chapter

as always, ty to @b1rds0ng for being the most AMAZING fucking beta and editor ever!!! love you bro, hope you feel better soon!!!

edit: I GOT ALASTAIR TO PROOF-READ IT TODAY AND IM SO. WHY DID I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO POST WITHOUT THEM READING IT HHHHHHHHHHHH ANYWAYS MORE APPRECIATION FOR ALASTAIR

anyways, strap in, this chapter is a little bit spicier than the first

enjoy >:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

From Sapnap's description of the employer, Wilbur was one of those people that naturally had a presence whenever they spoke. They weren't too loud, or too quiet, but a stable, consistent force. Sapnap had shrugged when Karl asked him about him. 'He was cool. Big aura though, basically no one can ignore him when he's talking.' He had supplied helpfully.

Dream rolls his eyes, and his mind flashes back to the mildly chaotic meeting with Wilbur.

-

After a few calls and emails were made by Sapnap, they finally got put on the right track towards their unknown destination. After what seemed like ages of turning and twisting through endless corridors, they finally reached the room where the meeting would take place.

A brown haired man creaked the grand door open slightly, and smiled politely when his gaze landed on Dream, George, Sapnap and Karl behind it.

“You made it.” Wilbur- Dream assumed- said pleasantly, and opened the door further. He gestured for them to walk in, revealing a vast library; bookshelves lined the walls, and ladders scattered across the expanse of the room so that they could reach the top, should the need arise. Dream scanned the room, taking in the wood tables and the high ceiling. He trusts Sapnap and his judgement, but someone in his profession never lets his guard down. He was careful to note all possible escape routes, and where ambushes could be hidden, and made sure to steer clear of those places.

While mapping the room, he noticed three more people sitting at one of the tables in the corner, which was unusual. Typically, employers liked to keep their affairs on the downlow. To ensure that no one knows about hiring literal assassins to murder someone. Dream personally didn't have a problem with it, but the three sitting at the corner looked intimidating on their own.

What was even more strange was that one of them, the tallest, didn't look a day older than sixteen. A boy with bright blue braces and side swept dirty blonde hair.

Aren't there supposed to be laws on this shit? ‘Don't let the children with undeveloped brains listen in on descriptive plans of killing someone’ or something?

Wilbur noticed him looking. “There's nothing to be afraid of, Dre- Dream, was it?”

Dream nodded.

“I'm terribly sorry if they cause any, uh-, inconveniences for you. They're my family, and they wanted to tag along. Those three won't cause any trouble-,” He was cut off by booming laughter coming from the table. Wilbur grimaced. “Please, just ignore them.” He begged, and Sapnap nodded solemnly.

“I was plagued with younger siblings too, so I understand your hardship,” Sapnap joked and crossed his arms, attempting to look serious. This caused Wilbur to laugh loudly, and Sapnap basically beamed with pride, the affection starved bastard.

“Don’t worry about it. Me and my teammates don’t mind, isn’t that right?” Dream cleared his throat. He turned to the other three for validation, and they nodded in agreement. Wilbur sighed gratefully.

“Oi! You lot stay quiet over there. Remember I’m doing this for your sake, Toms.” Wilbur yelled over to the table. The boy with the braces- Toms, Dream noted, had started making faces at Wilbur’s turned back. He heard Sapnap snicker behind him, disguising it for a cough. Dream goes back to studying the other people sitting next to Toms. One had long, pink hair that was twisted into a braid. Scars adorned his face, and his peculiar red eyes caught Dream’s attention. He looked back at Wilbur, who had brown ones. The pink haired man looked to be around the same age as Wilbur was.

What? He looked back to the last one, who had a stupid green and white bucket cap covering the top of his head, with medium length blonde hair. It was lighter than Toms’, which just made Dream more confused.

How could these people be Wilbur’s family? They look nothing alike, and even their personalities look like they vary.

“You’re probably confused.” Wilbur said to Dream. “Phil, the one in the cap, is our dad. He adopted all of us from the same centre. Techno, the one with the pink hair, he and I are twins. He dyed his hair when we were twelve and kept doing it ever since. The red eyes are contacts, though. He just wants to look cool.”

“Low blow, Wilbur.” A deep voice sounds almost automatically, and Dream assumes that one is Techno. Wilbur smiled, and sent a wink over his shoulder before turning back to the four.

“I take it you had no problem finding appropriate suits for the job?” He asks, effectively ignoring Techno’s jab and appraising each one of their hand picked outfits, “Nice choices.”

“Ah, just as Sun Tzu said. ‘Check out the people you hired to assassinate someone, because who knows if one of them might end up as your future spouse.’” Techno input. Phil, the bucket cap, laughed merrily in response.

“It was all me and Karl, those two have horrible style.” Sapnap commented dryly. He grinned happily when Karl giggled, George smacked his shoulder in offense. Wilbur snorted at the display of camaraderie.

“Why don’t you tell them what they’re doing already Wil?” Toms called from the side, obviously impatient over something. Dream didn’t know what, since it didn’t seem like Toms had anywhere to go at the moment.

Techno sighed dolefully, shoving Tommy’s head down. “Hush now, insolent child. The adults are speaking.”

Tommy shouted in indignation as he rubbed the back of his neck. “That hurt, you dickhead!” A snicker came from Phil’s mouth, and Tommy whipped his head around to glare at him, half joking.

“Dadza, how could you,” Tommy accused. “You’re supposed to stay neutral, what the fuck?!”

“I’ll start being neutral when you stop getting yourself into shit, Tomathy,” Phil ruffled Tommy’s hair.

“My name isn’t Tomathy, you b-”

“Anyways,” Wilbur rolled his eyes. “Again, please ignore him. He’s the reason we hired you four, and insisted on being here, and to see what it’s going to take to get his friend back. I don’t know if you’ve heard of him, um, Tubbo? He’s been kidnapped and held for ransom by Schlatt, your target for tonight.”

“Tubbo’d be right here beside us if you just fucking let me and Tech go and get him already! Shove a dick up your arse, Wilbur. I’m a big fucking man, I could’ve dealt with this myself! We don’t need their fucking pity help, holy shit!” Tommy exploded, his hands slammed on the table as he stood up abruptly.

His eyes are stormy, anger and frustration pouring out in waves. It takes both Phil and Techno to pull him back down, Phil reached an arm around to give Tommy a side hug, which he immediately sunk into. Tommy looked tired, and Techno looked worried for his brother. Even though he doesn’t mean to see it, Dream sees Techno reach a hand under the table, palm up, an obvious offering of grounding for Tommy.

He also doesn't mean to see Tommy take it gratefully.

Dream is polite enough to avert his eyes.

Wilbur bit his lip. "We're all worried about Tubbo. We need you to help us get him back."

Dream, Sapnap and Karl blanked. They all shared a confused look.

That wasn't something they'd heard from an employer before.

George seemed to be the only one with working brain cells, asking: "I'm sorry, sir, we're assassins. We were told we would be killing someone today, not handling a ransom deal. That's not what we're trained for."

Wilbur had the decency to look half guilty. "That's why I asked for more than just you two. We don't need you to negotiate or put your own identity out there. I wasn't lying when I said you'll be going undercover."

"You'll be sneaking into Schlatt's gala tonight, posed as his guests. Tubbo will surely be there, and all you need to do is retrieve him, assassinate Schlatt, and get out. Make a scene if possible," He explained. "Plant a bomb. Do anything to create commotion, then get your most skilled operative to take out Schlatt. The other three should focus on getting Tubbo out of there safely, as that should be your top priority."

"Okay, hold on," Karl interrupted. "No offense, but it sounds like this is only a two man mission. I don't understand why you would specifically ask for four of us."

"None taken. The reason why I needed at least three's because everyone at that party will be at Schlatt's side. He's got many allies and assets, being one of the most influential politicians in the world. You'll need to have back up plans on top of back up plans to make sure tonight goes smoothly. Of course, me and my family can't force you into this mission-"

They hear Tommy make a noise of protest.

“-I just plead now that you help. The industry told me you were the best they had on hand. I’ll pay you whatever you want, just please, get Tubbo back.” Wilbur lowered his voice so only they could hear. “For Tommy’s sake.”

Dream lowered his head in reply. “Don’t worry, we understand. You picked the correct people for this job, we’ll get his friend back safely and as unharmed as we can.”

Wilbur met his eyes. He seemed to be searching for something, a hint of betrayal or deceit hidden in Dream’s gaze.

He either found what he was looking for, or gave up, because he swallowed thickly and turned away. “Thank you.”

“I’m tellin’ you, Wilbur, if you just let me go before this I could’ve done this by myself and you wouldn’t have to pay these nerds.” Techno drawled, his feet crossed up on the table. Dream’s face twitched with annoyance while Techno laughed mockingly.

‘Nerds?’ George mouthed to Karl. He shrugged helplessly.

The air of confidence surrounding the pink haired male was shattered when Phil slapped the back of his head, making Techno curl in on himself and lose his balance, almost teetering off his chair.

“Don’t be rude, Techno,” Phil warned while Techno glowered at him and maneuvered his legs so that he’s sitting properly. Tommy blew a raspberry at him in jest.

Dream looked back at his three friends, the ones who had been on countless missions with him, and the ones who never failed to do their jobs efficiently. He sees the grin on Sapnap’s face, the spark in Karl’s eyes, and the look that said ‘challenge accepted’ on George.

He looked back at Wilbur, and gave him a reassuring look.

Wilbur smiled.

Now, the four are parked in front of an inconspicuous McDonald's, the bright neon sign showering them in artificial light. They're hiding only a few blocks away from the address Wilbur had sent them.

Currently, they're leaning over the console, running over the plans one last time. The main idea was simple, Sapnap and Karl would set up a bomb to go off in the men's room and retrieve Tubbo; who was revealed to be a seventeen year old boy with fluffy brown hair, and forest green eyes. Wilbur explained that he wouldn't be hard to miss, and would probably be the only one who looked like he wasn't enjoying himself.

Dream looks up at the others. "Are we good?"

"Mmm. Yeah, I think we can- I can work with that." Karl said after a moment, scratching his nose and sniffing.

"No problem." Sapnap assures them easily.

"You guys are forgetting we've never done a human retrieval before," George steps in.

"Well, yeah, but how hard could it be?"

"We could just swoop in, grab the boy, and run," Karl tries reasoning. "It shouldn't be that difficult. Right?"

Dream sighs, "You guys are forgetting that Schlatt will have eyes all over the place. He'll probably have bodyguards surrounding Tubbo at all times."

Silence.

"So that's why we need that bomb to go off at the right time." George says.

"Yeah, sure. *No pressure* ." Sapnap rolls his eyes, leaning back onto his seat and closing his eyes,

hands raising up to drag down his face. “God, *fuck* , we’re so in over our heads with this one.”

Karl reaches over to pat his shoulder sympathetically. “Probably, yeah.”

Dream leans back as well, his place in the front seat giving him a clear view of the basically abandoned McDonald’s ahead. “Think of the money, Sapnap. *Imagine* it.”

Sapnap slouches. “It would be so much nicer if we could just get the money without having to do anything,” He complains.

“The sooner we get this done, the better I guess,” Karl tries to reassure. “I mean, after the reward I think we’ll be sitting pretty for a while until we need to get another job.”

“That’s true,” Sapnap relents, closing his eyes.

“Honestly, with the odds, Plan A will definitely not work out. It would be ideal, sure, but... y’know.” Dream trails off, unsure of where his brain was going with that thought.

George exhales slowly and checks the time on his phone. “Almost eight. Let’s start heading over now.”

Dream nods, fastening his seatbelt back in and waiting until he hears three concise clicks before starting the car. Sapnap titters.

“Such a grandpa, Dream.” He teases while Dream pulls out of the parking lot and onto the road.

“I will swerve this car into a ditch.” Dream sounds dead serious.

“Jeez, okay, just drive man, I was *kidding*, holy shit-”

The car veers to the left abruptly.

“*Dream!*” George yells, all but diving over the console to right the wheel. “Have you gone absolutely *mad*? Are you trying to kill us, you fucking-”

Karl clutches his chest, back pressing up against his seat in fear. “Dream, you nimrod! What the honk, man?”

Dream is wheezing, straightening the wheel. Sapnap smacks the back of his head through the bars connecting the headrest and the seat. “You’re an ass.”

“Cope.”

“Oh, *real* mature, Dream. Why don’t you go and suck George’s *dick*—”

“*SAPNAP!*”

-

Dream sighs, and adjusts his suit one more time before looking up at George.

“Ready?” He asks, extending his arm so that George can latch onto it when they walk. George rolls his eyes, looping his arm through Dream’s and facing forward.

“I should be asking you that.”

Dream pauses, “Ready as I’ll ever be, I guess.”

George nods, satisfied. He reaches a hand up to press a button behind his ear, “Sapnap, Karl, are you good?”

“No problems so far, boss,” Sapnap’s voice reports. “We’ll be in there soon. Keep your mic on.”

“This isn’t my first time, Sapnap, I know what to do.” Dream says, annoyed.

“Yeah yeah, just do it.”

“Go inside already, dimwits, you look suspicious just standing outside!” Karl snaps. Dream is about to retort when George tugs on his arm.

“C’mon, idiot,” He mutters. Dream resigns, squaring his shoulders. He stares ahead, finally registering that people will be seeing his face. Sure, none of them know who he actually is, but it’s unnerving to know that people could be commenting on his looks and he couldn’t even know. Dream doesn’t like not knowing things. *Especially* if they’re about him.

He feels a flick to his forehead.

“Don’t worry about it.” George scolds. “We’ll be done soon, you can put your mask back on then, don’t be weird about it.”

Dream rolls his eyes. “What are you, a therapist?”

“A drop out, yes. Professional? Not so much.” George pulls Dream along the path. “Now let’s go.”

“Yes, your majesty,” Dream mocks, stumbling after him. When they reach the door, he clears his throat and straightens. He glances at George for reassurance, and George gives him a small smile.

After a few moments, George tugs on his arm and leads them towards the entrance. Dream pushes open the door.

Immediately, a bright light invades their vision, making George wince, him and his sensitive eyes. *Why were there so many lights?*

Dream squints, his vision blacking out before his eyes adjust change. “Who needs this many chandeliers?”

Once George’s eyes accommodate to the new lighting, he sees that the entryway has already opened up to the main ballroom. His eyes dart across it, where people could already be seen mingling.

Some were already dancing, loose on a few bottles of champagne.

He glances over to see Dream's eyes run over the expanse of the room with cat-like vigilance, taking in every little detail and committing it to memory. He leads George slowly towards the sidelines and grabs two bottles from a table already filled with alcohol. Dream hands George a glass, and he downs it all in one gulp gratefully and places it back on the cloth.

A surprised laugh escapes from Dream's throat before he follows suit.

George smirks, sliding his hand out of Dream's arm to grab his hand and pull him onto the dance floor as a new song starts playing on the speakers.

"Dance with me," George says.

And how is Dream supposed to refuse that offer?

"Sure, Gogy." Dream quips playfully. He pulls George close- a standard dancing routine- and they start matching the music's pace. They step and twirl across the floor, Dream obviously leading the fluid dance.

Dream tugs George closer.

"Four guards total at the entrance, possibly more lurking," He mumbles into George's ear, giving him a spin.

"Saw two patrolling the back hallways, upstairs will definitely have more." George murmurs back. Dream glances around before his eyes land on a bloated man with lamb chops across the dance floor.

"Schlatt is on the opposite side from where we are, George."

"Fuck."

George, guiltily, is trying not to overthink about the way he and Dream are basically sharing the same air. He notes how close they're moving together and lets himself be dragged along.

Feelings later, mission now. He can't let his heart ruin this.

Even with them trying to get closer to Schlatt, people keep accidentally interrupting them. Schlatt has moved on by the time they detach from conversation and look to where he was last.

"Me and Sapnap are on our way in." Karl informs after a few minutes of Dream and George trying to make their way over to Schlatt again. George sees the grand doors to the entrance creak open and closed. He hums, letting him know that no one saw them.

Dream continues to examine the faces of the crowd while he dances, trying to match them to the limited information he has of Tubbo.

He's pushed forward when someone bumps into him clumsily. He stops dancing with George to see who it was- and to apologize- when he realizes it's Sapnap and Karl. Karl, giggling, leans on Sapnap heavily while Sapnap has a hand around his waist, supporting him.

Sapnap smiles sheepishly, eyes glinting and staring up at his friend with mock innocence. "Sorry about that, looks like this big lug has had one too many drinks. It's only been about thirty two minutes since we got here, and I think he needs to head to the bathroom."

Karl protests feebly.

"We'll be on our way now, sorry again for bumping into you." They're swept back into the crowd.

That wasn't a mistake.

Dream knew Sapnap and Karl, knew the pair's specialty was acting and undercover missions. thirty two was a nod in the right direction.

George sends Dream a confused look. "Thirty two?"

“Give me a moment.” Dream resumes their dance.

They sway for a few more minutes before someone catches Dream’s eye- a teenager who looks too young to be holding the glass of champagne he is. Dream looks around and sees three guards lurking around the teen, never seeming to go too far.

The boy matched the description Wilbur gave him of Tubbo.

Bingo.

“Tubbo spotted. About-” Dream glances to the top of George’s head, trying to figure out where Tubbo had stationed himself. “Thirty two steps from where we are now.” He says, Sapnap’s words finally clicking.

George nods. “Leave him to Karl and Sapnap, we’re trying to get to Schlatt.” He reminds him.

“Yeah, Dream, leave it to us. We got this.” Karl crackles into the mic, now off his act. It sounds like they made it to the men’s room.

They hear a few zaps, and Sapnap sighing. There's rustling of fabric, and Dream guesses he stood up from his previous crouch.

“Bomb is up and ready.” He confirms.

Dream grunts. “Awesome. Start heading back, keep an eye on Tubbo.”

“Yessir.”

He goes back to finding Schlatt, but he’s disappeared off again. He groans, looking at George in exasperation. “This’ll be a long dance.”

“Dream, there’s like, a *ninety percent chance* we get caught using this corridor, what the hell were you thinking, we could’ve gotten to Schlatt just fine with what we were doing already-” George rambles, glaring as Dream sneaks them around the dark hallway. After many failed attempts of trying to dance to Schlatt, they resorted into lurking around the back corridors.

“Yeah, but this is easier and faster. Plus, you were getting uncomfortable with all the bodies dancing against us. I could tell,” Dream retorts. “The least you could do is thank me.”

George is about to reply, slightly guilty, when Dream presses a finger to his lips in a silent hush. He listens before hearing the slight patter of footsteps, rapidly getting louder.

Someone’s coming close.

Dream pulls George behind a corner, and peeks around it to find that a security guard humming a small tune. He had a beanie on, covering some of his black hair, and Dream wouldn’t have thought him threatening if not for the knife he threw up and down skillfully.

He barely registers George jerking him back urgently. He pulls him close, they’re eyes locked onto each other.

“What will we do, Dream?!” George whispers, his eyes frantically darting to the side and back. “It’s too late to go back now, and a guard is literally right there-”

Dream furrows his eyebrows. He murmurs, “Follow my lead.” Right as the guard rounded the corner.

It all happens in a flash. Suddenly, Dream grabs George’s wrists and pins them above his head with his left hand, while his thigh slots between George’s legs. Dream uses his right hand to tilt George’s chin up forcefully, heterochromatic meeting a bright gold. (Green, actually. George can’t tell the difference anyways.)

Holy shit.

Dream just pinned George to the wall.

Dream just pinned George to the fucking wall.

He can't breathe. George is hyper-actively aware of his body, trying to take in the warmth of a leg between his thighs and Dream's whole body pressing up against his own. He stares up, unmoving. Their lips are a hair's breadth away from connecting, and if George makes one wrong move, his resolve could crumble.

They did *not* need that on a mission like this one.

George can feel Dream's breath fanning across his lip, with how close they are and how George *can't fucking look away*. Those arms and legs have him trapped, and paired with the dazed look that Dream had taken on, George doesn't stand a *chance*.

Dream loses himself. He doesn't know what he was thinking, pinning George to the wall like that. He swims in the flames he set himself, constantly getting too close to burn.

He's bathing in the warmth radiating from George's body. George's small, trapped body, unraveling from his touch.

Dream's touch.

Dream doesn't know what he's thinking, when he reaches a thumb up to swipe across George's bottom lip. It brings an involuntary shudder to his shoulders, to have George so pliant, so willing under his hands.

He walks closer to the fire, ripping his gaze away from George's to admire the plush, damp lips that were under the pad of his finger.

Dream's eyes flick back up, and George stares at him like he sees the stars. Like if he looks away, even for a moment, a shooting star will fly by and disappear into the map of freckles dotted across his cheekbones.

He doesn't look away.

Dream trails his hand down George's body, stopping to rest on his waist. He stares downwards. George doesn't know what he's looking at.

He glances over Dream's shoulder, trying to grab a hold of reality, only to find that the security guard is nowhere in sight.

In his mind, he sags in relief. He can't do that now since if he did, he'd put his weight on Dream's thigh. And, very noticeably, reveal the arousal lurking underneath tight fabric.

George pushes against the restraints (Dream's hands,) against his wrists. He squirms, suddenly feeling way too vulnerable for Dream to be staring at him like he wants to worship every exposed part of George. It was unnerving.

But fuck, why did it feel so inherently perfect?

His voice catches in his throat. "Dream," He rasps, clearing his throat. "He- *uh* - he's gone. Dream. You can let- let go now."

Dream, finally moving away from the kindle, tries to visibly relax his stance. He doesn't pull away from the precarious position, though. Something inside him wants to keep George under his thumb for as long as he can get away with.

He tries to give a cheeky grin, "That was close, wasn't it?"

Dream stalls when George gulps; when he finally notices how much he's invaded George's personal space. Their frames were flush together, and the intimate place he's dragged himself into this time. He finally realizes that George's lips are *so close*. He could take a deep breath right now and their mouths would brush. Not a kiss, but a question.

He stares, feeling drunk on the scent of something so inherently *George* invading his nose. He lets his eyes roam over George's tiny form.

George under his hands, George staring up at him, ruffled but confused; George letting Dream have whatever he wants.

George, George, *George*.

He wants to *ravish* George.

Dream allows his eyes to flutter back to meet George's for the third time that night. He watches George gulp again, Adam's apple bobbing.

"Dream," George breathes out. Familiar words dance around his brain, trying to get him to speak, to push Dream away and tell him to focus. His mouth doesn't move.

Dream always gets what he wants. A voice whispers in his mind, the words slicing through the fog in his head.

And right now, he wants *George* .

Without a second thought, Dream presses forward. His lips find George's easily.

It's a gentle press, nothing more than a tender push. It's a question, and simultaneously a confirmation. A test, perhaps. Dream barely gives George any time to reciprocate before he's pulling away, resting his forehead on George's.

George stares, shellshocked. It takes him a few moments to process.

What. The. *Fuck* .

When it finally registers that *Dream just kissed him*, he can't react fast enough. He surges towards Dream and kisses him again, keenly leaning into Dream's hands. George whimpers, his eyes shutting tight. He tries deepening the kiss, and Dream responds eagerly, letting George's hands go in favour of running his hands up his sides. He leaves George to wrap his arms around Dream's neck and pull his long hair out of the bun it was in, immediately burying his fingers inside of the locks.

They kiss relentlessly, years of pent up frustrations and tension pouring into the heated moment. Dream pushes George up against the wall, pressing him into it. He relishes in the noises that continuously fall from George's mouth everytime he kisses him.

Dream is elated that those sounds are falling because of *him* . *He's* the one causing George to react this way. His hands trail down towards George's thighs, and he tugs on them. George understands almost immediately, jumping up and letting Dream catch him against the wall and position himself between George's legs.

Fuck, He mentally groans as he feels Dream's strong hands grip onto his legs, pinning him back against the wall. He clenches his fists in Dream's hair, accidentally pulling his head back and exposing his neck.

Dream *moans*.

George startled, staring at Dream.

That was the hottest fucking sound he'd ever heard.

Dream flushes, and looks like he was about to say something before George pulls him back into a fierce kiss. He wraps his legs around Dream's waist and somehow brings him impossibly closer.

Holy shit, the kiss (series of kisses?) is magical. George swears he sees euphoria, a warm feeling buzzing throughout his whole body.

If he had died here, he probably would've been happy. Kissing Dream, Dream *kissing back* - it was better than George's wildest fantasies.

It shatters when a voice rings through both of their ears.

"Okay, I'm happy for you guys and all-" Sapnap's voice crackles through their earpieces, effectively ruining the moment. Dream pulls away mournfully. "-But we're seriously in the middle of a fucking *mission* . Could you maybe, I don't know, wrap this up?"

George has the gall to laugh, fucking *laugh* , at Dream's irritated expression.

"This is more important than the fucking *mission* , Sapnap! Screw the *goddamn mission* -" Dream explodes, Karl giggling behind Dream's shouting before George untangles a hand from Dream's hair to put a finger on his lips.

Dream shuts up immediately, looking at George like he's the king of a fucking nation.

Well , George thinks, amused. *I think I'm getting what I want this time.*

"We'll talk about this later." He assures. Dream scoffs. Sapnap mocks, '*yeah, Dream, you'll talk about it later,*' and Dream grumbles about a 'stupid fucking Sapnap' before letting George down from his perch on his hips.

"Promise?" He has to confirm.

"Promise." *It's funny to see how fucking whipped George can make Dream.*

They hear a retching sound coming from the coms.

"And they had the audacity to call *us* lovebirds, Sapnap," Karl sighs sarcastically. "I can't believe them."

Sapnap chuckles. "Oh, and George? You might want to put Dream's hair back up."

George makes a confused sound.

"You both look pretty... kissed out," Sapnap laughs mockingly before deafening. George and Dream turn red, scrambling to fix their suits and look at least slightly presentable before going back out into the gala.

"What Sapnap said, guys. Hurry up, the sooner we finish this the better, alright?" Karl adds before deafening as well.

Dream drops his red face into his hands, his disheveled hair falling over as he groans. George cracks a small smile and brushes Dream's hair back. He looks up and tries to pull himself together, tying his hair back into the bun.

"Well, it's not going to look as good as before," George hums, fixing up the strands of hair that came loose. "But it's the best we're going to get."

Dream nods. "Let's get back, then."

They hear Sapnap undafen again. "Just saying, you'll have to do your dancing strategy again, since your backroom one just ended up in you guys having sex."

"*SAPNAP !*" George yells, sputtering.

"*WHAT? ?*" Dream descends into a fit of wheezing, "Sap- Sapnap, *what?* We did not have *sex-* "

"Ah, my mistake. Of course, when you guys run off to elope, I won't assume you're having sex, sure."

They can hear Karl giggling in the background, and Sapnap deafens before he can hear the earful of scolds from George.

Dream and George reach the exit of the back hallway quicker than they thought they would, and they both take the few seconds of freedom they have left before going back to destroying their heels with dancing. They step out, breathing a sigh of relief when no one bats an eye at their absence.

Dream mischievously turns to George, theatrically bowing down and holding out a hand.

"May I have this dance?" He winks.

George rolls his eyes but grins, placing his hand in Dream's.

“Take me for a spin, then, loverboy.”

Dream chuckles and hauls George onto the dance floor, bringing him close again and dancing to the playful tune coming from the speakers. ‘Sway’ by Michael Bublé, George notes.

‘Like a flower bending in the breeze, bend with me,’

Dream starts leading the dance again, but now, they really are lost in themselves. They allow a few moments of trust, forgetting about Schlatt and focusing on themselves.

‘Sway with me,’

Dream sings along to the music mediocrely, just to get a rise out of George as they sway.

‘When we dance, you have a way with me,’

A red beeping light starts to increase its tempo, unbeknownst to its setters as the numbers start counting down, with no prompt from the remote holder.

‘Stay with me,’

The timer reaches 00:01, and a long beep sounds from the bomb set up in the mens bathroom.

‘Sway with me.’

A deafening blast echoes throughout the ballroom.

Chapter End Notes

hope you guys enjoyed this chapter!! i just checked my outline and yes, this will only

have four chapters :[but never fear this au is not ending!

i do have socials, you can find me on:

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

[instagram](#)

chapter three

Chapter Summary

“Promise,” George had said then, a finger to Dream’s well-kissed lips along with that look that never failed to make Dream crumble. The thought of George breaking a promise, even unintentionally, made Dream’s blood boil. He might be selfish, but he always gets what he wants. That thing was and always has been George.

He’ll be damned if the only time he kissed George was initiated by a mission.

Dream wants to kiss George in so many more ways. He wants lazy, soft kisses in the mornings, pressed against freckled shoulders. He wants fiery, passionate kisses during the day when none of them can get enough. He wants slow and loving kisses at night after long conversations about anything and everything. He wants, like he never has with anyone before. It’s always been George.

He wants George.

Chapter Notes

tw for blood and violence!!!!

THIRD CHAPTER POGGGGGGGGGGG!!! your comments just- ugh guys you literally make me melt with the nice things :))))))))) tysm for reading!! i was so worried this chapter wouldnt be as good as the others but i actually kind of like how it turned out! one more chapter to go

thank you to b1rds0ng and icedcaramel for checking this fic over and absolutely destroying me and my horrible tenses /j

i genuinely wrote this at 2 am so if there are any mistakes or repetitive words i apologize

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It starts with a ringing.

A continuous, never-ending ringing.

Dream can’t see.

He's stuck in darkness, muffled sounds slicing into his brain, cutting through the ringing. He can barely hear the sounds of screaming, the patter of panic-struck footsteps. He thinks back to what happened before the ringing. He remembers Sapnap and Karl teasing him for something.

The thought of his friends reminds him of what he's here to do. He forces his eyes open, bright light blinding him for a moment. He exhales shakily as he pushes himself up, squinting.

He's suddenly brought back to reality when he realizes that the warm body that should've been near him is gone.

George.

Dream remembers dancing with him, letting the music set the pace. He remembers the warmth that encompassed him when he spun George, the breathless giggle that left the other man's lips.

He remembers a *boom* , and then ringing.

Where the fuck is George?

Dream looks around the ballroom, distressed, trying to find the certain figure. He opens his mouth to call out, but is forced to close it when he accidentally inhales pieces of debris in the air.

Coughing, Dream comes to another realization. Did Sapnap and Karl ever make it out of the bathroom?

He scours his mind for any sort of memory that indicates Sapnap and Karl were out of range from the bomb, and comes up empty.

Dream's heart starts thudding in his chest, the worry for his friends increasing by the second. Sapnap and Karl are potentially injured, *badly* , and George doesn't seem to be anywhere in sight.

The ringing finally ceases as he searches the room for a sign that they're safe. He finally registers Sapnap and Karl's voices yelling right into his ear, and he sags in relief. If they're conscious enough to be yelling, then they're not injured. That's good. All he needs is George now.

It's still irritating when all he can hear is Sapnap and Karl screaming at each other though.

"Sapnap you were the one supposed to be in charge of the bomb, you *dimwit*, what did you *do*—" Karl accuses.

"*I don't know why the fuck the bomb went off, Karl!* And I *know* I fucking set it right, I'm not a rookie, what the fuck—" Sapnap yells back, out of breath. Dream assumes he's running.

From what he's heard, the bomb went off early without Sapnap or Karl's prompting. He huffs, knowing that they've dealt with worse. They could handle this.

The two voices in his ear are still engaged in a desperate screaming match.

"It's a minor setback. We'll be fine, stop freaking out," Dream commands. He pushes himself onto his feet shakily and crouches low, trying to catch his bearings. He starts moving forward like every step he takes is a step towards fatality. "Just carry on with the mission. All you two have to do is grab Tubbo. Do you remember his description?"

Karl makes a nervous "*heeeh*" sound before answering. "As clear as—as day, I don't know—"

Dream hums in affirmation. "Good. Then *go* ." He hears the earpiece disconnect from Karl and Sapnap's end. His eyes dart around the room in the sudden, unnerving silence that follows after the two. He scans for any guests who are injured and keeps an eye out for a specific brown-haired, heterochromatic boy.

George will always be his first priority.

Dream coughs lightly, shielding his mouth and nose to prevent himself from inhaling the broken bits in the mist. While looking, he sees Sapnap and Karl stumble out of the collapsed hallway that led to the mens room, tripping over their own feet in their haste to find Tubbo. Dream lets out a sigh, turning away from the two.

Fuck, where is George? They were so close, there's no way he could've been knocked back that far. Dream feels his breath start to shorten, anxiety and vivacity coursing through his veins. He's

panicking.

It's been a while since he's felt his heart thumping this erratically.

Dream is thrumming with energy, somehow controlling the animalistic urge to run forward and kill each and every person until George is back and safe in his arms. He grits his teeth, willing his eyes to see more, to completely and utterly immerse himself in his own mind.

"*Promise*," George had said then, a finger to Dream's well-kissed lips along with that look that never failed to make Dream crumble. The thought of George breaking a promise, even unintentionally, made Dream's blood boil. He might be selfish, but he *always* gets what he wants. That thing was and always has been George.

He'll be *damned* if the only time he kissed George was initiated by a mission.

Dream wants to kiss George in so many more ways. He wants lazy, soft kisses in the mornings, pressed against freckled shoulders. He wants fiery, passionate kisses during the day when neither of them can get enough. He wants slow and loving kisses at night after long conversations about anything and everything. He *wants*, like he never has with anyone before. It's always been George.

He wants *George*.

Dream will do anything to have George out of harm's way. So he stares around the corrupted ballroom, looking for any signs that George is there, searching for him in the same way. He yells his name desperately, warmth spiking behind his eyes.

When Dream finally finds him, it's like the air is punched out of his chest. He starts to run towards George, who is lying on the ground, until he realizes that he isn't *breathing*. Dream stops dead in his tracks.

Dream stares at the unmoving chest ahead. Under normal circumstances, he might've thought George was unconscious. But his chest isn't moving.

There are no breaths coming from the man.

Being in their type of profession, Dream and George devised many codes. 'Faking,' was one of the first they came up with.

George doesn't send him anything. No twitch in his fingers, no foot wag, no nothing.

George is completely limp.

Dream's world crashes down around him. He stares, wide-eyed, at the body before him. Blood trickles down George's forehead.

It's over.

Dream doesn't process it. He just stares.

This couldn't have happened, George was invincible. He never went down. He was unshaken, all the time, calm and collected. This was a dream, it had to be, as ironic as it is. This was just one horrible, shaky nightmare and it would all be done soon. It would result in Dream waking up, clutching at his hair and racking out a sob through an unused throat, surely.

Surely.

Dream, stumbling back a step, remembers all of the missed opportunities. The stolen glances, the times where he should've taken the chance, the times where he was so close yet always got pushed away last second. The one time he finally does something, it's ripped away by one misplaced bomb.

This isn't fair.

In his stupor, he doesn't realize when Schlatt grabs a hold of George and jerks his limp body to his chest, holding a gun to George's head.

Dream startles, immediately springing up, ready for any movement from Schlatt. Dream curses under his breath. He must've gotten wind of the assassination attempt and taken the nearest person next to him. It's just his luck that it was George, who was incapacitated.

Schlatt is scared. He's scrambling backwards, obviously frightened. He's yelling incoherent threats, shakily switching from pointing a gun to George and to the people around him, causing more of a stir.

Dream knows Schlatt doesn't have leverage. In Phil's words, "*Schlatt hasn't done shit in his life.*" He's not one to dirty his own hands with blood, rather hiring others to do it for him. Dream knows he wouldn't bring himself to shoot the person in his arms.

As cliché as it sounds, Dream's vision goes red. He clenches his teeth and straightens, burying whatever worry he had before deep inside of his heart. He needs to finish this mission. He slips on a mental mask, the one he always uses when finishing a job. A wall around his heart is erected like it has been multiple times before. Slipping a knife from his sleeve, he moves. Steady and quick, he's stable. Dream lets years of training seep into his blood, muscle memory taking over his mind. He's behind Schlatt in a blink of an eye.

He's buzzing with the thought of blood coating his hands like it always does, familiarity helping him stay focused. The hand holding the knife deftly isn't shaking.

The one clear thought that runs through his head tells him that even if it's just a lifeless body, —he shudders at the thought—Dream is getting George out of here. No matter the cost.

Dream grabs Schlatt's head and forces it up, exposing his neck.

He goes for the kill.

Bringing the sharp knife to the flesh, Dream grins.

"Good night," he whispers maniacally, slicing into the skin and incapacitating Schlatt in an instant. Schlatt's hands reach up and claw at his neck desperately, clinging onto any semblance of life he has left. Dream watches with a sick sense of pleasure as the man's life fades from his eyes. Blood spurts from Schlatt's neck until he goes lax. Dream stands up and lets Schlatt fall back, dead.

He looks down for a moment in silence. After a few seconds of clearing his head, the knife once in his hand clatters down to the floor as he finally rushes to George's side. *The mission is over.*

Dream hunches over George's body protectively, hands hovering over lax muscle.

"*George* — " Dream breathes out, walls crumbling. He lets the warmth behind his eyes finally take over, tears leaking out. "George, *come on* , wake up,"

His hands are ghosting all over George's torso, not sure where to land. When George doesn't respond, he lets out a broken sob. Dream's hands finally rest on his stomach, and he clutches at fabric.

"George, angel, *please* , answer," Dream cries, unaware of the pet name he unconsciously used. He leans over George's stomach, letting his shoulders shake with the force of his cries. "You— George, you— *please*, just—"

Dream can't continue his sentence, voice thick. All he can muster is a loud whimper, thumping his head on George's stomach. He's on his knees, grabbing at George's clothes like it's his only lifeline.

This wasn't fucking fair.

It was supposed to be him, not George.

George was supposed to be the one alive.

"*Fuck*, " Dream sees his vision black out at the corners with how tightly he's squeezing his eyes. He snuffles pathetically and his chest aches. Iron cages close in on him, his lungs force him to breathe in sharp inhales, not quite managing to get enough air.

It's a harsh smack at the back of his head that makes him snap his head up, barely believing it. Hope roars a flame in Dream's chest.

He looks back at smug blue and brown eyes, sparkling with the light of someone alive.

George.

George is alive.

George is there, he's right there, he's smiling weakly.

"I promised, dumbass," he rasps, raising a hand to place it on Dream's tear-covered cheek.

Dream launches himself at George, wrapping his arms around his neck and squeezing tightly as if the brunet would disappear if he so much as relaxes his grip.

"George, George— you're *alive* — you— you're alive, oh my *god*, you *fucking bastard* —" Dream rambles, soaking George's soulder in tears and snot. Dream gets to laugh again, because George is in his arms, safe, and he's *alive, alive, alive*.

George is laughing breathlessly, gripping at Dream with the same energy. Dream's the one to pull away first, giddy with relieved laughter. He cradles George's cheeks in his hands and presses their foreheads together, eyes closed.

For a moment, it's just them. In a galaxy, full of stars, with the world at their beck and call. They'll rule this land with a booming cry, paradise exactly where they are. Dream basks in the solace as George giggles beside him.

"Fuck— man—" Suddenly, they're pulled back in the crumbling ballroom. "I hate to fuckin' do this to you guys again—"

Dream groans, dropping his head into George's shoulder tiredly as he realizes that the voice in his ear is Sapnap's.

"But— *oh fuck* — um, maybe, uh, hurry it up—" Sapnap somehow still manages to ask instead of demand. George spots them running from Schlatt's allies with Tubbo in his arms.

"*Sapnap*, stop being a *pussy* !" Karl yells into the mic unceremoniously. "You dimwits! Get the *hell* up, we got Tubbo! We have to run, *now*, come on!"

Dream exhales quickly and stumbles up, offering a hand to George, who is disoriented from

literally doing nothing except lying down for a solid thirty minutes. George takes it gratefully, and they both heave themselves up clumsily. Dream readjusts their hands and intertwines their fingers.

“Hurry the *fuck* up, you *bastards* !” Karl screams, at the same time Sapnap shouts, “Haul your asses— oh *my god* !”

“Shit, oh my God, calm down—” Dream retorts, tripping over his own feet in his haste to get to the entrance, causing George to stumble behind him. They both snort before finding their rhythm and sprinting.

They reach the giant entryway in no time, and without a hitch they pull open the doors and run out, Sapnap and Karl on their heels. Dream glances back to see Tubbo being carried bridal style by Sapnap, unconscious.

Sapnap woops loudly as they hear guards shouting for people to move out of the way, chasing down the four. Karl hoots with laughter, pumping his fists in the air.

This night might have been a nightmare, what with their scuffed suits and minor injuries, but this is what Dream is in it for at the end of the night. The adrenaline chase with his friends by his side, grins on all of their faces and happy noises shooting out of their mouths. This is what Dream goes on every job for: he loves the relief, the rush at the end of every mission.

It’s kind of like saying to the world: “*Yeah, I did that.*” When looking at the eventual news story on it the next morning.

Almost unconsciously, Dream looks to the side to see George and finds that he is already looking at him. Dream laughs and lets a huge smile overtake his face, while George has a fond gaze directed at him.

With a dazed teenager and their scraped suits, Dream and George share a glance that says a million words as they run through the night, howling laughter echoing through empty streets.

a little abrupt ending but,,, tysm tysm for reading!!!! i hope you enjoyed this more action based chapter, now were only one chapter away from the end

fortunately we'll still be getting more, bc i cannot let go of assassins au this easily CRIES so we will make extras after this main story :] wont just be dnf, i think ill add karlnap and sbi and if you guys have any requests ill try and write them!!

your comments always make my day, so if you do end up writing one thank you so much :) /gen

i have some socials, you can find me on:

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

[instagram](#)

chapter four

Chapter Summary

“I— I almost lost you, George,” Dream whispers, voice hoarse. “You— you were in my arms and— you didn't move—”

George shushes him, reaching up to place a gentle hand on Dream's neck. He feels the erratic pulse thundering under his palm.

“I know, I know. I'm here now, love, I'm safe. We have all the time in the world.” George mumbles, nothing but acceptance and reassurance in his eyes.

George lets Dream decompress, face scrunched up like he was trying to hide tears. He soothes away the hard lines with gentle strokes of his fingers. George leans up to press tender kisses into the soft flesh of Dream's collarbone, tasting the sweetness of his lover's skin.

“All the time in the world,” Dream whispers like he didn't believe it.

George hums his answer, pulling Dream back in.

Chapter Notes

HOME STRETCH BVABYYY!!!!!!

i had to absolutely power through this chapter..... bc its late!!! im so angry at myself plspls

but its out now!!! so i hiope you guys like this chapter

gain thank you to alastair you amazing fuck <3 and i also hav e to thank everyone in the 'exact' groupchat because they were the ones that really brought this into fruition so thank you guys

i hope you guys enjoy this final chapter :) new years gift to you guys, lets hope 2021 treats us better

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The night had been filled with relief and exhilaration, soon leading to Dream and George stumbling through Dream's apartment door; hands wandering and giggles filling the mostly silent hallway. About an hour before, Sapnap and Karl waved them off when they had driven back to Wilbur's estate.

"You guys are obviously itching to get out of here." Karl stated lightheartedly as he climbed out of the car with Sapnap and Tubbo right behind him.

"Yeah, just go, dimwits. We have Tubbo, that should be enough to satisfy them." Sapnap butted in and readjusted Tubbo in his arms. The teen, understandably, was still passed out at the time. George looked at him with sympathy.

"You sure?" Dream glanced up at the two who were already out of the car, while he and George were still sitting at the front.

"Yes, dumbass." Sapnap rolled his eyes.

"*Dimwit*," Karl corrected immediately. He popped a button off of his suit and breathed a sigh of relief, body slumping. "Oh, thank God."

"Fine, fine— *dimwit* . You two can go home, we got it covered. Just— *heh* — use protection." Sapnap added as an afterthought. He laughed and skipped away haughtily before Dream and George could even begin to scold him.

Karl giggled and sent them a salute before he followed after Sapnap, the two disappearing behind mahogany doors.

George sputtered and risked a glance over to Dream's side— only to see him an embarrassing shade of red. He groaned and buried his face in his hands, sure that if he looked the same, the flush would look more apparent on his porcelain cheeks.

"Just drive," George grouched.

"Yup— yeah— driving now," Dream scrambled for the gear and shifted it forward. He slowly

pulled out of the parking lot and set them on the road.

Once they made it to the highway, red and white lights whizzed past the windows. George tentatively lifted his face from his hands and stared ahead, suddenly nervous. He fidgeted with his fingers, twisting them in his lap before a warm hand had settled on his thigh.

George flinched. He looked up at Dream in surprise when he noticed that it was his hand- and let out a shaky breath when Dream's thumb started kneading soft muscle. George relaxed into his seat and bit his lip.

"Ah— *Dream* ," George uttered breathlessly as the fingers dug into his thigh almost possessively. He heard a sharp inhale from the side, and his grip tightened for a moment.

" *Wait* , George," Dream rumbled low in his chest, sending jolts of white, hot excitement down his spine.

George shuts his eyes. "Drive faster then, bitch."

Dream shoots him a warning look from the corner of his eye. " *George* ." He chastised, raising an eyebrow with a dark glint in his eyes. George hates how he melts under the scrutiny, blood rushing down to his dick.

George looked away from the judgmental gaze.

"That's what I thought," Dream hummed, turning back to the road. "We're almost there, you can take care of yourself until then, hm?"

"Hurry up, Dream," George squirmed in his seat impatiently. Minutes passed by like hours until Dream finally took an exit and pulled into an apartment building parking lot.

When the car turns off, George scrambles out of it in a rush, slamming the door behind him. Dream watches with amusement as he steps out calmly. George immediately gravitates to his side and clings onto his arm, pulling him towards the apartment building. Dream chuckles at his haste and lets himself be dragged along. George pulls him into the lobby, and Dream spares a wave at the secretary at the front desk before he's yanked into an elevator.

“Floor, Dream, please.” George looks frazzled.

“George— *George* ! Calm down, no need to rush,” Dream laughs at the other boys anticipation, pressing his floor number.

“Dream.” George whines. “You’ve been keeping me on the edge all night, you *bastard* , I hate you so much.”

He says it like he wants to say ‘ *I love you* ’ instead.

“You don’t.”

“I don’t.” George concedes, ever so impatient, grabbing Dream’s collar and pulling him down so that their lips collide.

Dream, really, tries not to grin, but George is making it practically impossible. An unavoidable smile blooms across his face as he tries to kiss back, resting large hands on George’s waist.

As it turns out, kissing while smiling is harder than it looks. Teeth bumped together, and soft laughter rang through both of their ears.

“Dream!” George giggled through shared air, heart swelling when Dream decides to press chaste kisses all over George’s face. “Stop!”

The elevator dings with the arrival, and Dream pulls away with a pout on his lips. George kisses it away, leading him out of the elevator and into the hallway.

They stumble through the narrow corridor, tripping over each other in haste to get to Dream’s apartment. Hands wander, neither of them wanting to stop touching the other even for a moment. They make it to Dream’s door, and he messes with his keys before finally inserting it into the slot and finally unlocking it. He fumbles while attempting to open the door, and when he finally does, he tugs George inside.

“Now who’s the impatient one,” George whispers against heated skin, pressing his lips into the skin of Dream’s neck and pulling him close. He pushes against Dream, trying to bring him impossibly closer.

Dream walks George back until he’s pressed against the now closed door, and George looks up at him with wide eyes.

“You think I didn’t notice how flustered you got when I did this earlier?” Dream taunts.

“How you got so—” He pauses, as if considering what to say next. “How you got *hard*, George? When I pushed you up against the wall? When I constrained your hands?” Dream leans close to his ear.

“I think you like this, huh? I think you like it when I take control.” He nips at George’s earlobe, eliciting a whine from the other man's throat.

“So, so good, George. You look *so* good under my hands, you know that right?” Dream praises, blowing hot breaths onto the curve of George’s ear. “*Fucking amazing* .”

“*Dream* ,” George moans pathetically. He experimentally trails a hand up to Dream’s hair and, for the second time that night, undoes the bun. He runs his fingers through the soft strands and *tugs* . “Bedroom, come on, *please* .”

Dream grins sharply. “Anything for you, *princess* .”

They stagger into the apartment, Dream’s hands showing George where to walk, practically dragging him along. George loved it, even though he’d never actually admit that out loud.

It feels like his legs have been swept out from under him when Dream loses his patience, picking George up bridal style. George yelps, hands instinctively wrapping around Dream’s neck as the taller kicks open the bedroom door. Dream throws George onto the bed and immediately climbs on top of him, caging in the tiny body with no escape.

George looks at Dream like he’s a bitch, glaring with no real malice. Dream softens (if only for a second,) and raises a hand to rest it on George’s face, the other teasingly unbuttoning the bottom of George’s dress shirt and slipping under it to touch skin.

“Don’t give me that face, George,” He scolds gently, resting his hand on the side of George’s stomach. A consistent reminder that his hand could trail up at any point, brushing over pink nipples.

George bites his lip again, a pleading look on his face. “ *Dream* ,”

Dream smiles. “Let me take care of you.” He whispers, sliding his hand out from under George’s shirt to slowly discard his blue vest. George complies with every movement, shifting so it’s easier to take off the tailored fabric. He takes it in his hands and drops it over the side of the bed. He lets his eyes roam all over George’s body splayed under him, and sits back to unhook the slim fabric from the other buttons.

Once the shirt is open, Dream slips both of his hands under it and sets them spread out on George’s bare chest. He takes in the delicious sight of his tanned skin contrasting against a pale white, finally figuring out what he’s been missing all this time.

It’s George. It’s always been George.

He’s breathless as he runs his palms up and down the expanse of skin that he’s never seen before. “*Fuck ...*”

Dream’s mind suddenly shuts down when a traitorous thought rises.

You almost lost this today .

‘No, I didn’t. Shut up. George survived,’ Dream’s logic fired back.

But he almost didn’t. Don’t you remember what he looked like, on that floor? He wasn’t breathing, Dream.

Subconsciously, Dream tightens his grip on George’s hips. He swoops down to, at first, press loving kisses into skin. They soon become frantic, George not understanding the switch in Dream’s mood until he feels his hands shaking at his waist.

“Dream?” He gasps as Dream nips at his collarbone. “ *Dream* .” George says it more insistently this time, weakly tapping his shoulder.

“Dream— *fuck* , don’t stop, but *slow down* !” George grabs Dream’s face in his hands and yanks it up before it continues its ministrations. Dream, thankfully, looks snapped out of his desperate haze, the fog clearing to make way for George’s worried face in front of him.

George looks into overheated, distraught green eyes and *understands* .

“Dream...” He tilts his head to the side and pours every ounce of sincerity into his voice. “ *Calm down* . What’s wrong?”

Dream’s eyes fill with unshed tears, dropping his head into George’s chest and stilling his hands.

“I— I almost lost you, George,” Dream whispers, voice hoarse. “You— you were in my arms and — you didn't *move*—”

George shushes him, reaching up to place a gentle hand on Dream’s neck. He feels the erratic pulse thundering under his palm.

“I know, I know. I’m here now, love, I’m safe. We have all the time in the world.” George mumbles, nothing but acceptance and reassurance in his eyes.

George lets Dream decompress, face scrunched up like he was trying to hide tears. He soothes away the hard lines with gentle strokes of his fingers. George leans up to press tender kisses into the soft flesh of Dream’s collarbone, tasting the sweetness of his lover’s skin.

“All the time in the world,” Dream whispers like he didn’t believe it.

George hums his answer, pulling Dream back in.

George cracks open his eyes groggily, eyelids fluttering as if trying to brush away traces of sleep. He squints, puffy eyes proving to be a menace in the mornings. He rubs at them, gathering enough strength to sit up. He slumps over, resting his arms on his legs. He blinks when his brain finally catches up, finally realizing that the room he woke up in wasn't his own.

George straightens, glancing around at unfamiliar surroundings. He looks down at the bed to find an arm stretched behind his waist. He guesses it used to be under him. George furrows his eyebrows, following the arm to an embarrassingly naked body next to his. He almost screeches before he sees the face he finally got to see yesterday.

It's Dream.

He heaves out a sigh at his own antics, because now he remembers. Dream is lying down beside him, still sleeping, thankfully. George lets his eyes roam around to the freckles adorning the others shoulders, looking up to Dream's face.

He allows a small smile spread across his face at the relaxed look Dream has. George doesn't think he's ever seen him look this... small before. Innocent, perhaps.

George feels a sense of clarity wash over him. He acknowledges how incredibly lucky he is to experience this moment, that *he's* the one to see this side of Dream. To be trusted enough that he willingly shows this quaint vulnerability.

His eyes wander down to the hand Dream left on his chest.

George can vividly recall last night, if the aching in his ass was anything to go by. He remembers that hand leaving trails of burning fire all across George's body, opening him, *caressing* him gentler than anyone had before. He remembers begging for those hands to stop teasing, clutching at pure white bed sheets until the same hands cradled his face. He shivers delightfully at the thought that whatever happened last night was most definitely guaranteed to happen again. (Maybe even multiple times, if he's lucky.)

George's eyes subconsciously move down further to where the blanket is (unfortunately) covering the lower half of Dream's body. He reaches out a hand to tug down the blanket and is immediately drawn to the mess of red and purple adorning Dream's thighs, most notably between them. He sucks in a sharp breath.

“*My thighs? Come on, really?*” Dream had teased him, an incredulous smile on his face.

(That was before George bent down and fit himself between them, suckling the first hickey into sensitive skin.)

(Dream had let out an embarrassingly loud moan then, too.)

George bites his lip, looking back on the way Dream’s thighs clamped around his head, the younger man resting his body on the headboard. The look on Dream’s face was unforgettable. George had paused his affectionate kisses to glance up at his lover— only to see the flustered, broken appearance, the back of his hand pressed against his mouth. Dream’s face practically oozed ecstasy.

On that thought, George recovers Dream’s lower half, not wanting to start this morning off with sex.

He stares a little longer at Dream’s complexion, taking in every little detail, just because he can. Because he’s allowed to, now that Dream quite literally fucked him in over his head.

Because really, here is his paradise. He doesn’t need that galaxy of stars, he doesn’t need the world at his command. All he wants is Dream.

And, well, he has that.

George is softly shaken out of his stupor by an arm snaking around his waist, pulling him closer. He smiles when he feels Dream nudge his side when he buries his face into skin.

“Good morning, love,” Dream’s voice is gravelly from sleep. George wouldn’t have it any other way.

He sees Dream pull away to glance at the clock blearily. *7:21 am* .

Dream frowned and turned back to George. He reaches up, resting a hand on George's cheek, a fond look on his face. "What are you doing up so early?"

Contemplating, George lies back down and turns on his side, Dream's hand still on his cheek. He looks into tired gold eyes, an expanse of riches and glinting yellow. He thinks he could get lost in the sea of halcyon colours.

They've both shifted now, facing each other. Their faces are inches apart, and George can't stop smiling.

"Nothing," George breathes. It's nice, basking in each other's presence. Warm, cozy, everything George has been starved from all these years.

Dream is a warmth, a solace that George feels comfortable with. He craves the intimacy Dream is providing, taking it in greedily.

George, just so he can get closer, snuggles into Dream's chest. Almost immediately, the younger wraps his arms around his waist and *pulls, pulls, pulls*; so that barely any space is left between them.

In another universe, this could have been considered as sexual. George, though, couldn't stop thinking about *love*. The affection and benevolence that was shared in this one night, this one morning— George counts himself blessed.

He can feel Dream press a tender kiss against his forehead, shuffling. He might be silly to think this, but there really is no doubt in George's mind that Dream genuinely loves him.

"How are you feeling?" Dream asks after a moment, one hand trailing down to rest at George's lower back, massaging it carefully. George takes a second to respond.

"Aches." Is all George says, burying himself further into Dream's chest.

Dream shifts back hesitantly.. George groans, scowling up at Dream because his personal heater just moved away. It's *cold*, damnit.

He's surprised to find concerned eyes staring back at him.

"Did— did I go too rough?" Dream clears his throat, fear in his eyes. The thought of breaking the porcelain doll under him is terrifying.

George stares, stunned, before laughing earnestly. "I meant in a good way, idiot."

Dream visibly relaxes, which absolutely melts George's heart. He resumes cuddling George, which makes the moment ten times better. Dream wraps him up in his arms so easily, like a perfect fit.

George kisses the skin that's closest to his mouth thoughtfully, exhaling slowly. "Dream?"

"Yes, angel?"

"What does this make us?"

Dream pauses. "Well, whatever you want us to be."

George gulps, nodding. "Okay." He looks up at Dream's eyes, so full of warmth and adoration (and maybe a hint of fear) and makes his decision right there. "Okay, then be my boyfriend."

Dream's eyes widen in surprise at the sudden words, then he laughs heartily, any traces of doubt lost. "Sure, love."

And it was as easy as that. George unwraps his arms and grabs Dream's face, squishing his cheeks together and kissing him firmly, pouring every ounce of love built up throughout the years into the kiss. George is happy— he doesn't even think that's the best word to describe it. Content, euphoric, flabbergasted— they don't even begin to scratch the surface of what he feels for Dream. He's so amazed at the zings igniting under his skin where they meet and whines, arching his back.

Dream pulls away, and George, embarrassingly enough, chases his lips. Dream grins and gives him one last peck before sitting up.

“Let me make us breakfast.” Dream says. “... Turn around.”

George raises an eyebrow skeptically. “Why?”

Dream sends him a look as if the answer should be obvious. “Because I’m going to get up and I’m naked.”

George pointedly stares. “So?”

“So?” Dream repeats incredulously. “George— I’m *naked* . It’s *embarrassing* .”

George pulls a face. “That’s absurd. Didn’t we literally fuck last night—”

“George!” Dream yells, scandalized, covering George’s mouth with his hand. He pulls it away sharply when he feels his tongue lap at his palm. “Oh my *God* !”

George cackles at him, a smile crinkling the sides of his eyes. It’s almost enough to make Dream forgive him.

Almost.

“Okay, fine, be quick.” George finally relents, flopping over onto his side unceremoniously and pulling the covers up to his shoulders. Dream waits a few moments until standing up, feeling incredibly bare. He walks to his closet and bends over to ruffle through his clothing.

George cracks open an eye and peeks over his shoulder to see the most heavenly sight on earth. The rays peeking through the closed curtains perfectly shine on Dream’s body, sun kissed skin on display.

George almost lets out an audible groan at the sculpted build before catching it in his throat. He turns back around before Dream can see him snooping.

By the Gods, Dream was always so hot. But seeing him naked, *vulnerable* ? That was just the cherry on top.

George wiggles a bit, shutting his eyes tightly as he hears Dream walk out of the room (assumedly dressed) and grins.

He basks in the silence of Dream's room until he feels ready to get up. He sits up and stretches quickly before swinging his legs over the side and looking down at the floor, where discarded clothes are scattered all over it. His nose scrunches up at the thought of having his confining suit on at ungodly times in the morning.

George considers his options, his best bet being to steal Dream's clothes.

Who knows, maybe that could get him laid too.

Since that seems like the best possible thing to do, he gets up and tiptoes around the bed towards the closet. George rummages around through the clothes and finds a hoodie and some sweatpants. He contemplates grabbing a clean pair of briefs, but realizing that it probably won't fit him, he refrains.

Both articles of clothing are way too big for George, but it will have to suffice. He tugs on the pants first, adjusting the strings so that it fit snugly. He ties it into a knot, grabbing the hoodie off the floor and yanking it on quickly.

He didn't expect it to be this big honestly. It reaches to his mid-thigh, and his hands are covered by the huge sleeves. George smiles when the scent of Dream invades his nose.

Dream has always had a particular scent, George has come to realize. He had always smelt of the air after a storm, thick ocean breezes across a beach. It wasn't a surprise that George associated water with Dream.

George tugs up his sleeves and walks over to the door. He can hear the sounds of oil crackling on a pan, and the smell of pancakes draws him in. He walks into the living room to see Dream bending over, seemingly shaking something into a bowl and cooing at the ground.

George, curious, wants to see what Dream is doing. He walks over and is surprised to see Dream petting a small cat and making kissy noises like a proud mother.

George snorts, covering his mouth with his hand as Dream jumps, turning around to look at George.

“That’s so cute.” George comments, looking up and down at Dream and the cat. “What’s his name?”

Dream flushes, hand reaching up to rub at the back of his neck as he rises from his bent down position to look at George. “She, actually. Uh— her name is Patches.”

“*Awh*, what a cutie!” George melts at the name, crouching down to lovingly pet Patches’ fur, scratching behind her ear. Patches leans into George’s hand, taking a liking to the attention George gives her immediately.

“How come I never knew you had a cat?” George asks Dream softly, still petting Patches.

“It never came up, really.” Dream admits, “And— you’re wearing my clothes.”

George spares a glance up at him, smirking. “Well, yeah. They were the only ones I could find.”

“George,” Dream complains, stepping towards the stove to continue cooking breakfast. “You can’t just... do that.”

“Do what?” George questions in mock innocence, standing up to let Patches eat her food. He looks over to Dream, and is hit with another wave of gratefulness.

His vision tunnels, so that Dream is all George can see. Dream, holding the pan and spatula, cooking breakfast for both of them while talking idly. Dream, in pajamas, flipping pancakes like it's nothing. It felt domestic.

George imagines what it would be like if this was his life. Waking up in the mornings to legs tangled underneath bed sheets. His lover, standing in the kitchen and grabbing the ingredients out of a pantry.

He can imagine Dream’s arms winding around his waist from behind, soft breaths being pressed

into his neck at early hours. He can imagine spending all of his time in this apartment. It already feels more like home than his own did.

Maybe because Dream's there. Dream is George's home.

He looks onto the domestic scene in front of him and thinks, *yeah. This is what I want.*

George feels the urge to swoop in and press a kiss to Dream's face— so he does. He gets a breathy giggle from the other and hands shooing him away, saying '*We can do this later, George, let me focus now!*'

Really, this is all he wants. Laughing and kissing in the mornings, having fun in their own little bubble without any worries.

And if George gets to keep this? He'll be the happiest man in the world.

Chapter End Notes

abrupt ending bc we're getting more of them :]]]] ive always had trouble with ending my stories so sorry if this is bad HAHAGHBSX :,]

but holy. fuck.

i cannot believe we powered through this last chapter, im genuinely so... ahhhhh

thank you guys. genuinely, so so much for all this support

this was the first fanfic ive posted for dnf so i was worried about characterization and everything,,,,, and im so so glad you guys enjoyed my self indulgent idea that literally grew to me basically cowriting this with alastair and spending over a month writing. its been absolutely phenomenal.

again. thank you so much.

come and scream with me about dnf/karlnap/sbi on my socials:

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